

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Watch The Door"

[Intro: Chuck D]

Watch the door, Chuck D, Public Enemy
Paris, Guerilla Funk, Rebirth of a Nation 2006
Everybody needs somebody to watch the door as it's goin on
Securin you - who's securin what?!
Watch the door

[Chuck D]

Now I'm down to do your thing if your thing's the right thing
P.E. ain't tryin to hear no fat lady sing (naw)
Don't get it twisted cause we still love the music in the past
Through the years see them use it then abuse it
Some of these cats ain't sat down, washed their hands
and say to the grace to the game, so they're a disgrace to the race
Dig it, P-Dog we be diggin them party joints
Beats for everybody joints
Takin care and persevere I'm makin my point
Message around the world, rap be's for the poor
You on the floor, we at the door
Rob the rich, give to the poor

[Chorus: x2]

Rob the rich, give to the poor
Give back to get back cause we watch the door

[Chuck D]

Cause it's about to go down these cowboys have jumped the corral
Survival yeah we got the nerve to serve
Like a hip-hop bible, don't libel
Guerilla Funk, they got the title
The late great, no need to donate dollars
I don't care if they poppin collars and holla's
Who can't think between drinks, Chuck D I'm the driver
Hard act to follow, I think for tomorrow
Remix of old P.E. hits, I ain't up against it
If it was up to me I'd give it all away (yeah)
Anyway, uploads for my people to download
Shit so hot, iPods explode
One at a time baby, for your mind baby
Uhh, to keep your soul in control baby
Not crazy this party's for everybody
You on the floor, and I be watchin the door

[Chorus x2]

[samples: some scratched]

"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"

"You sold us out!"

"Some things you don't sell"

"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"

"You sold us out!"

"Too much, get away from stuff like that"

[Chuck D]

Multiply, do not divide

Think globally, act locally

Passport, showin no support

Makin World War III, lookin like a sport

Human race, in the only place

we know as Earth, right in our face

And the firebombs, and the toxic waste

Will leave this world without a trace

And we don't want no other war

Too late the feds done closed the door

And we the peeps get spoken for

The people want peace but the people get a quota

Got the cure, high price for sure

Fix the rich, and damn the poor

Laptops, shoes, off says the law

Make love, fuck the war

[Chorus x2: fades out]

[Chuck D - continues to fade]

You're damn right!

Public Enemy, Rebirth of a Nation

Paris, Guerilla Funk

2006 for yo' bad ass

Yeah, somebody gotta watch the damn door!